

THE POET'S CORNER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THERE IS NOTHING IN VAIN.

Oh! prize not the essence of Beauty alone,
And disdain not the weak and the mean in our way,
For the world is an engine—the Architect's own,
Where the wheels of least might keep the larger in play.

We live in the vale, with the bloom in the shade,
We sing of green hills—the grapes and the grain;
But see the Creator did well when he made
The stark desert and marsh—for there's nothing in vain.

We may question the heart that darkness the land,
And the snake, flitting arrows of death from its eye;
But remember they come from the Infinite Hand,
And shall Man, in his folly, dare to ask why?

Oh! he who speaks of the "mystery" or "why,"
They may say to us—let us leave to arrange;
From the sage's voice, to the happy child's smile,
From the mute to the manhood, there's nothing in vain.

There's a mission, no doubt, for the worm in the dust,
As there is for the cherub with mortal of pride;
The stork and the new-born babe's place is fixed,
And the angels are needed, for God has supplied.

Oh! what but the form of the meek and the low,
And what delicate form from the ponderous chain;
From the dew-drops that rise, to the star-drops that fall,
We should see but one purpose, and nothing in vain.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see,
Only in the savage wood,
And sunny vale the present Delity;

Oh! only here his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waters rejoice.

Here he is to behold
The steps, Alas!—here, amidst the crowd,
With everlasting wonder deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
Mount the proud piles, the work of human kind.

The golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them too fill with its unobscured skies,
And giveth them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the reckless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footsteps the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

Come, when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm, upon the mid-air breeze,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of the moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

The Front Porch.

BY L. M. WALKER, JR.

Walter Singleton bore the commission of an

emerald, in a copper-colored infantry, small black-house fortress of Fort Gratia,

where the deep waters of Lake Huron are

disembogued into the rapid strait of the river St.

Walter, a youth of some eighteen summers,

was proud of the rank he held in the service;

and was especially delighted with the wild and

remote station, where his command was placed.

He loved to trace the wild paths of the wilderness,

and to explore the fresh paths of the wilderness,

and he rejoiced in the wild spots that they af-

forded; and whenever he could manage to es-

cape from the restraint of military life, he

would seek out the wild, and pass forth into the

wilds, nor would he retrace his steps, until the

deer, the bear, and the wild turkey had fallen

beneath his aim. Walter had thus become

eminent of the wild, and his life was a life of

life; and was almost tempted to forsake the

time routine of drill and parade, and exchange

his lance for the hunter's jacket, and join

himself to some of the tribes of the native

children of the forest. And this intention,

as it chanced, was greatly strengthened by

an event that befell him in one of his hunting

expeditions.

At the distance of one hundred miles from the

fort, where the river flowing Saginaw, river

empties its waters into the broad bay of that

name, stood the deer-skin tents, and the rude

branch wigwags of an Ottawa village.

These Indians presented a singular contrast

with the garrison, and the officers freely in-

termingled among the wild savages in their native

village; while the Indians, on their part, made

bracket visits to the fort, to bargain their

furs and peltries for the various commodities

blankets of their civilized neighbors. During

one of these visits our young ensign had been

deeply smitten with the charms of the sweet

Shiawasee, the Running-water, who was the

daughter of the chief, and the head chief of

the Ottawa nation. And well might the ro-

mantic ensign look upon the Indian damsel with

eyes of love and admiration; for nothing could

exceed the brilliant and liquid lustre of her

dark eyes, nor the rounded grace and symmetry

of her limbs. Her raven-black locks flowed in

unrestrained freedom down her rounded shoul-

ders, and the prettiest and smallest feet in the

world, encased in little brown moccasins of de-

erskin, and gracefully ornamented with white quills

and red beads and feathers, tripped away

pride dress consisted throughout of deer-skin

and leggings, adorned with a complex us-

age of tags, loops and ribbons. A broad belt of

hide was strapped round his light waist, and in

it were thrust his hunting knife and pistol.

A short heavy belt was carelessly poised in his

hand, as if the weighty instrument were no

heavier than a wand.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

flag of the little fort had disappeared behind the

tail of the wilderness.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic

step along the woody glade, and the striped

young soldier had no eyes but for the slender Sha-

was, who reverently waited upon her aged self.

When the feast was finished, and the guests had

retired, the young man wandered forth to the

moon-lit forest, accompanied by the Indian girl.

They lingered long by the crystal pool of the

woods, and listened to the murmur of the

stream, and the rustle of the leaves, and the

long sparkling current of the river, and by the

yellow beach, watching the frothy billows

as they tumbled in from Saginaw Lake, and

broke with a dull and heavy roar along the

shingles.

"Dearest Shiawasee," exclaimed the youth,

"Is not the night beautiful, with its yellow

moon, and its twinkling stars, and its drifting

clouds, and its shadowy woods, and its bright

shores, glorious with the bustling billows?"

"The night, with all its marvelous glories, is not

so beautiful to my sight as the sweet Shiawasee,

the Running-water. When will the maiden

ever give her hand, as she has her heart, to the

young soldier of the pale race? Let the old

Mattuck but give me his jewel, and I will for-

get the tents of my people, and come hither to

dwell with my Indian process, among the wig-

wags of her kindred. I will be for my life, a

tribe, from the heart of these autumn trees, and

will place it at the warm edge of the forest,

on the banks of the running stream, and Shiawasee

shall forever share the cup and the bear-

skin of her kindred. These things, I have

desired, and I will bear my way to the

happy land of my own people, where the

blue of the Atlantic tapers against the

rocky shore; and my roof, encompassed among

the branches of the forest, shall be her roof; and

my people shall be her people."

"The pale face," returned the maiden,

"speaks sweet words, and there is honey upon

his lips, and Shiawasee loves to listen to their

words; but she will not give her hand to the

young man who comes from the pale face, until

he can win the love of the Running-water."

"I will win the love of the Running-water,"

exclaimed the youth, "and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the Running-water, and I will win the love of

the following day every preparation was made to

repulse the expected onslaught, but no signs of

a present enemy were discoverable. When night

fall again darkened the earth, however, a

dim figure was discovered to issue from a thicket

of alders, within gunshot of the fort, and

cut a female figure, dressed in the garb of the

garrison, and demanded admission. Walter was

at first spring to the gate of entrance, and

after exchanging a word or two with the stranger

order, ordered that the heavy portal be

opened, and he then eagerly caught in his

arms the weary and muffled figure of Shiawasee.

"What news, what news, what my darling

being?" eagerly inquired the soldier: "are you

in peril around us?"

"I have come in great peril," replied the

maiden, "to warn you of coming death and

danger. Every cove and dingle of this wilderness

is filled with our armed and battle-painted

warriors, and they have sworn to raise their

fortress to the earth, and to leave no surviving

face to tell the fate and fall of his comrades

to others of his people. To-morrow, then, be

on your guard; for the hostile tribes will then

appear before the fort, and will demand the

entry into their favorite game of ball-play. It

is arranged that they shall cut shorter their

rifles, that they may better conceal them beneath